WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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IDDA OF TOKENBURG;

OR THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

(Translated from the German of Augustus Lafontaine)

[CONTINUED.]

"NOW came likewise Idda, not attracted by his melodious song, but by his misfortunes, concerning which she questioned him with a commiserating and soothing voice. The brave Count, at the sight of so much beauty, became confused and silent. He accepted from the hands of Idda a noble gift, and received at the same time in his heart one of the most ardent arrows of love

"A few days after he returned to Kirchberg in his real character. in a confidential interview, he discovered to the father of Idda his passion for his daughter, the artifice by which he had obtained a sight of her, and his eager wish that he might be deemed worthy to obtain her hand. The Baron conducted the manly and accomplished youth to the apartment of Idda. "I bring you," said he, "my daughter the aged pilgrim, at the story of whose misfortunes you shed so many tears. He may now try the experiment, whither in his real person he can make a similar impression on you. He is Count Henry of Tokenburg."

"Still more silent and more confused than when he first beheld the beauteous Idda, stood now the count before the lovely maiden.—With looks expressive of the tenderest love and respect, he at length entreated that he might be permitted sometimes to see her, and Idda granted his request. Soon they saw each other every day; and their interviews produced in the heart of Idda friendship, which ripened into confidence, and at length became love. Henry solicited the invaluable gift of her hand and her heart. She replied as became a modest maiden, according to the manners of her time; but a delicate blush, a tender trepidation, and a gentle sigh, discovered sufficiently her true meaning.

"During a year Count Henry solicited the hand of Idda; her heart he had before. At length her father gave his consent, and she surrendered her maiden lips to the kiss of love imprinted on them by the ardent youth. He was ready to expire with ecstasy; for see, Julia, see, when that beauty lived!——

"The Count now took his beauteous affianced bride home to his court on a visit. There she now, for the first time, made her appearance among the knights; and you may easily conceive how soon and how eagerly the more youthful among them pressed around her. She perceived without attending to their assiduities; for her whole heart was devoted to her Henry. The fervid glances of the admiring knights never excited the least emotion of vanity in her modest heart, and yet was count Henry jealous."

"Jealous! How could that be possible?"

"The manners of those times were licentious, and from the females whom he had known he drew his conclusions respecting Idda.—In fine, he was jealous. Every friendly glance which Idda might cast on a knight, every smile, every word she addressed to another, though she could not avoid uttering it, drew on her the distrust of her lord. He at length avowed suspicion in strong and even harsh terms; and Idda returned to the solitary castle of her father, sooner than perhaps Henry himself might have wished her."

"To remove, no doubt, every cause for jealousy. Good and amiable woman!"

"Hear now, Julia, what followed. The father of Idda was engaged in a fierce contest with the count of Kiburg. There had long been a deadly feud between their two houses, which had descended from father to son for several generations. There was likewise an ancient animosity between the counts of Kiburg and the house of Tokenburg which was in strict alliance with that of Kirchburg. Various circumstances had increased this animosity into violent enmity, and the three families had mutually sworn the death and destruction of each other. Their martial bands were drawn up in array; and the young Count Kiburg, the only son of his house, was at the head of his father's troops. In a battle which ensued, he was seperated from his followers. The father and lover of Idda came upon him as he attempted to climb a steep rock, and bade him surrender; but the young Count bravely drew his sword, resolved to defend himself to the last extremity, and, after a long conflict with his two antagonists, fell beneath their repeated blows.

"Think, Julia, what must have been the grief, the despair, the fury of the father of the youth, when he learned that his only son, the hope of his old-age, the heir of his name, the pride of Kiburg, had fallen by the hands of his bitterest enemies. The aged warrior shed no tears, but frantically leaped up, called for his arms, and swore the most terrible oath, that he would never lay aside his sword till he had washed his hands in the blood of his enemies! and all related to or in alliance with them. His rage seemed to alleviate his grief, and the hope of vengeance to soothe in some degree the painful sense of his loss. He could find no time to shed tears, while those who had deprived his son of life yet lived and enjoyed the light of day. His grief was changed into a determined resolution to take vengeance, which alone occupied all his thoughts.—It seemed as if the youthful strength of his son had been suddenly superadded to the judgment and experience of his old-age.

"The Baron of Kirchberg and his affianced son-in-law heard of the formidable preparations which the aged Knight was making against them, and laughed in the pride of self-confidence. Idda alone, the gentle Idda, was armed at the vindictive rage of the unhappy father of Kiburg. She was incessantly bathed in tears, for terrifying dreams and fearful forebodings haunted her both sleeping and waking.

"When the day arrived on which her father and the Count were to leave her, and take the field against their enraged and implacable enemy, Idda, dissolved in tears, with difficulty suffered her Henry to tear himself from her arms, and after his departure the Count still heard her loud lamentations, the voice of love, and his noblest triumph.

"They left the inconsolable Idda within the strong bulwarks of the castle, and marched to meet the troops of their enemy. Their attack was vigorous, but still more furious the opposition they encountered. The aged Kiburg showed himself every where like an avenging angel, and his sword cut through the thickest ranks. "Kirchberg!" exclaimed he—"Tokenburg; where are ye, ye murderers of my son?"—At length he fell in with the young Count Tokenburg. "Now," said he, "either you or I must fall;" and furiously brandished his glittering sword. Tokenburg, who had never known a fear, now trembled, impressed with the imagination that he saw the bleeding shade of the son hovering round and protecting the aged father. Cautiously and fiesbly fought the young Count, while the thirst of revenge nerved the arm of the old warrior with new vigor. His sword alighted on the helm of Tokenburg, who staggered, stunned but not wounded. "Vengeance! My son!" exclaimed the aged Knight. He discharged another blow, and Tokenburg fell powerless from his horse. "Take him!" exclaimed Kiburg to his followers. "Your heads shall answer for him. Away! Carry him to Kirchberg. Now gracious Heaven give into my hands the other murderer!"—He said, and sprang forwards to seek the father of Idda.

"After the fall of Tokenburg his troops fled. Kirchberg had already been wounded in the beginning of the battle, and obliged to retire from the field. His flying squadrons hastened to him with intelligence that Count Henry was taken prisoner. "Taken prisoner!" exclaimed he, and, seizing his helmet, mounted his horse to return to the field; but the pursuing foe drove all before them, and he was obliged to retire for safety to the heights.

"He was no longer able to keep the open country, and returned with his troops to Kirchberg; but before he arrived there, he strictly forbade all his followers to mention that Count Henry was made prisoner. When he approached the castle, Idda came forth to meet him; but when she saw that he was alone, and that her beloved Henry was not with him, she turned, and fainting sank in her father's arms. A false assurance that the count was well, dissipated, in some degree, her alarm; but she still lamented that he should continue so long absent. Some days after, while she was with her father, again inquiring and again receiving assurance that her lover was neither killed nor wounded, the door of the hall opened, and a messenger in the livery of Kiburg entered.

"Count Kiburg," exclaimed he, "has directed me to inform you, Knight Kirchberg, that seven days hence he will hold a criminal court on Count Henry of Tokenburg.—On the grave of his murdered son, shall Count Tokenburg lose his life by the hand of the executioner, to avenge the blood of the young Count of Kiburg."

"Baron Kirchberg answered not a word, but clasped his daughter, who, with a piercing shriek, sank in his arms. After waiting a long time, the messenger at length asked, "What answer shall I carry back to Count Kiburg?" The haughty spirit of the Baron now yielded to his feelings: he burst into tears, and said, "Describe to Count Kiburg the scene you have witnessed; and entreat him, in my name, to have commiseration on an unhappy father!"

" The messenger departed, with eyes filled with tears of compassion."

" O, Clara ! the unhappy Idda ! What said she ? What did she ?"

" What could she do but weep and lament ? She seemed continually to have before her eyes the dreadful grave, her beloved Henry kneeling near it, and the executioner drawing his sword. Vain were all attempts to comfort her ; she passed from one fainting fit to another ; and, as often as she recovered from them, would exclaim, " Seven days hence !" Her wretched father shut himself up in his most secret apartment, and would speak to no person. He considered his Idda as devoted to death, and resolved at least to have the sad consolation not to see her die. Thus for two days were their hearts a prey to unutterable anguish. On the third, the monk of the castle said to Idda, " Of what avail is lamentation, my daughter ? "Let us act." We cannot deliver him ; Let us pray for him !" The word *let us act* sank into the mind of Idda ; she looked wildly on the monk, and said, " Yes, we must act !" She retired to her chamber, sat down in deep thought, then hastily rose, and walked forwards and backwards in violent agitation. " Let us act ! Yes ; let us act !" exclaimed she repeatedly. The next day she sat absorbed in silent thought, while her eyes wildly rolled. Sometimes she laughed, and sometimes she wrung her hands. About noon, she threw over her a large veil, wrapped herself in a wide cloak, and left the castle with hasty steps. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

ANECDOTE.

ALMANSOR, King of Morocco, one day lost himself while hunting. A furious storm arose, and the earth was drenced with torrents of rain ; and, as night approached, the darkness rendered the tempest still more dreadful. While the king sought a place of shelter, he met a poor fisherman who was going to fish for eels in a neighboring pond. Almansor accosted him, and asked him which was the road to the king's palace.

" you are ten miles from it," said the fisherman. The king asked him to conduct him to it.

" That I would not attempt," said he, " were you Almansor himself ; for in this dark night we might easily both be smothered in the marshes."

" What is Almansor to you," said the king, " that you should mention his name ?"

" What is he to me ?" replied the fisherman : " a thousand lives such as yours or mine are not worth one of his least important days ! No prince better deserves the affection of his subjects ; and the love I have for him is so great that I love him better than myself, and yet I love myself very well."

" You must have received some considerable favors from him, or you would not talk thus."

" Indeed I have not : but, in fact, what more considerable favors can we receive from a good king than strict justice, and a wise and peaceable government ? Under his protection, I enjoy in peace whatever it has pleased God to bestow on me : I go into my cottage and come out of it when I please, and no person dares to injure or disturb me.--Come you shall be my guest to-night, and to-morrow I will show you wherever you please.

The king followed the good man to his cottage, dried himself, supped with the family, and took his repose till the next day, when he soon found his courtiers and the company with whom he had been hunting. He amply rewarded the fisherman, giving his castle of Cæsar Augubir, which afterwards became one of the finest towns in Africa, distinguished for the arts and sciences and the cultivated manners of the inhabitants.

THE MENDICANT.

THROUGH some village or town oft I merrily trudge,
And deceive as I travel along :
I am ready as most some sad story to fudge,
When I wish to impose on the throng.

Now a sailor I seem though I ne'er was at sea ;
And a soldier sometimes I appear :
Yet kind female will oft grant assistance to me,
While their gir|s are enchanr'd by a tear.

When a soldier or sailor not longer will do,
Then I instantly alter my plan,
And disguis'd as a woman, with infants a few,
I no longer am like the same man.

Oh ! the life of a beggar is surely the best ;
Neither taxes nor house-rent he pays ;
But he roves unconfin'd, in a barn goes to rest,
And thus happily spends all his days.

ARTHUR AND ANN.

REMOTE, and lost to public view,
A simple cottage rear'd its head ;
There peace, content, and virtue grew,—
But sorrow shun'd and from it fled.

Its inmates were an aged pair,
Whose lives in joyful tenor ran ;
And with them, there, dwelt one most fair,—
The pretty daughter Mary-Ann.

Her charms entrapp'd young Arthur's heart ;
His rustic tale of love he told ;
'Twas free from flatt'ry, free from art ;
But love inspir'd and made him bold :

The lass he lov'd the tale approv'd,
Her parents, too, admir'd the man :
Each fear remov'd, each joy improv'd,
Young Arthur wedded Mary-Ann.

FALSE FRIENDSHIP.

'TIS very hard in life's decline,
To be both sick and poor ;
Yet such a lot, alas ! is mine ;
And patient I endure.

Res ign' d, bend to Heav'n's just ways,
Nor impiously repine,
Industry mark'd my early days :
A trifling sum was mine.

In friendship's sacred vest array'd,
A wretch infernal came :
He plunder'd all I sav'd in trade ;
Then fled, devoid of shame.

Oh ! I grant relief, ye favor'd few
To whom that pow'r is sent :
May friendship false ne'er injure you,
Or wound your blest content.

REFLECTION.

SEE how beneath the moon-beam's smile
Yon little willow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring then retires to rest.

Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swell'd a moment there,
He melts into Eternity.

For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

TO THE LADIES.

TO excite curiosity and attract the attention of the Fair, are motives, which have probably influenced many to address them, in a public paper, on the subject of Matrimony The motives, however innocent, or however well they may be calculated to amuse, the writer of this letter totally disclaims, as he does not mean to charm by the harmony of his numbers or the display of his abilities, to which he makes no pretentions, so he hopes he will not be neglected by the appearance of qualities opposite to these. The writer some time since observed a correspondence of this nature which took place in the Museum ; and from its discontinuance is led to believe it has been brought to a happy conclusion. This belief has induced him to have recourse to a similar method for a similar purpose, and should he be fortunate enough to merit the approbation of any who may read his letter, his wishes will be gratified. It may perhaps be expected, as has sometimes, and perhaps generally been the case, that he should give a description of his person, expectations &c. This however he would for this time wave, and he presumes the good sense of those who may honor him with their notice will suggest the propriety of its present concealment.

ADRIASE.

THE KIND HUSBAND,

A French Trial—from Journal des Tribunaux.

JACQUES NOTTIER, an invalid, aged 25 having lost his right leg in the service of the Republic, appeared on the 16th Ventroise, before the Criminal Tribunal of the Department of the Seine, accused of having married within these last eight months, three different women, Maria Dabaud, Maria Bertrand, and Louisa Perani, who were all present and proved their acts of marriage, before the 2d, 4th, and 9th Municipalities of Paris. During the trial it came out, that the prisoner had made it for years a a regular practice to marry a new wife wherever he went with his regiment : and to the knowledge of his brother he had already fourteen French wives alive, besides one Italian, one Swiss, and two Dutch women who had been married to him in those countries, when in garrison, or encamped there. Before he was eighteen he had been divorced, according to the laws of the Republic, from five wives, not included in the above number, by whom he had six children ; and the three wives now before the tribunal all declared themselves to be in a state of pregnacy by him. Being asked by the Public Accuser if he had many children with the other women not present, though known to be married to him? he answered very cooly, " I had at least one with each woman, and I believe that I have as many children alive as I can count years." He offered to give the names and places of residence of as many wives as he could *remember* to have married ; and gave in the names of eleven in eleven different Departments. To gain time to inquire after these women, the Commissary of Government proposed, and the Tribunal consented, to put off this trial until the 6th of Germinal, on which day, eight of those women, each with a child, came before the Tribunal, and indentified their faithless husband, who had the imprudence to declare, that if he had been Grand Sultan, he should have kept them in his Seraglio, as he loved them all with the same affection. After a trial of three hours he was found guilty of *Polygamy*, and condemned to be punished with

a *fortnight's* imprisonment, and to regard Annamorias, whom he had married nine years ago, as his only wife. To this he refused to assent, saying, that instead of punishment, he deserved a reward; and that many persons had been made Members of the Legion of Honor for less patriotic deeds than this, and that he intended to petition to the First Consul for obtaining permission to choose his own *wife* out of his own *wives*.

QUIET solitude, pleasant fields, serene weather, purling streams, and tranquility of mind, seems, to be absolutely essential to the poet, without which he could scarcely accomplish any work of permanent lustre. Yet nothing is better known in the annals of literature, than that many immortal works have been composed in sickness, in sorrow, in decrepitude, in chains and in a prison. Such is the elasticity of the soul that, oftentimes when apparently bowed down to the earth, it will rise with a bound to heaven. In a state of utter [illegible], Milton found Paradise Lost, and in a [illegible] of mournful distraction, Cowper translated Homer.

NEW-YORK, SEPTEMBER 29, 1804.

THE number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Inspector reports, are, Adults 22—Children 29—Total 51.

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The following extracts of letters from one of our unfortunate countrymen in Tripoli, are very distressing, and earnestly demand the attention of the government:

TRIPOLI, *May* 21.

"Since my last, nothing worthy of recital has occurred, except the death of one of our crew. I fear this will be the purport of all future letters, as the summer is far approaching, and the heat will naturally have a fatal affect upon your unfortunate countrymen, who are daily yoaked to a large waggon, which they are obliged to drag into the country, where it is loaded with heavy timber for their return."

April 7.

"A few days ago a small craft, under English colors, was captured by the Syren, on this station: in consequence of which the Bashaw sent for the British Consul, to know whether a United States vessel dare take any articles out of a vessel under the protection of his Majesty's colors? Mr. M'Donough answered in the negative, also gave the Bashaw a written certificate or passport. The vessel was laden with a very valuable cargo, belonging to the Bashaw's subjects, set sail for Malta; but unfortunately for his Majesty's Consul, she was captured almost under the forts. Captain Stuart ordered her for Syracuse. The Bashaw sent for Mr. M'Donough, and after giving him a sufficient abuse, ordered him to quit his dominions in 12 hours. The next day he set sail for Malta in a small craft; but was captured off the harbor by the Syren, and sent to Syracuse. His Excellency is much enraged at the British Consul, and is determined not receive him again—let the consequence be what it may, we are in hopes that this affair will bring Lord Nelson off this station."

"Five months have already expired of our captivity, and yet no hopes of our country's redeeming us! However, I trust they will recollect in whose hands, and in whose mercy we are. Adieu."

PHILADELPHIA, September 24.

On Saturday evening last, William Barry, a mariner from Norfolk, Virginia, aged nineteen years, was stopped in the street by several Spaniards; and without any provocation on his part, stabbed him in four places. He was the next day following carried to the Pennsylvania Hospisal, where he now languishes under his deep wounds.

In consequence of the above melancholy affair, it is said that a number of American sailors, armed with clubs, &c. assembled for the purpose of revenging the wounds of their comrade. They commenced by attacking a house in Swanson-street, which the crew of the Spanish government brig, now laying in the river, hired for the purpose of holding their sails, &c. They broke into the house and began to beat the Spaniards who were inside, and it is said that three were pursued to the top of the house, from whence they were thrown into an adjoining stave yard. About 9 o'clock they retired, after beating, and otherwise mangling the Spaniards in such a manner, that some of them were obliged to be hauled away in a cart. Some Constables assembled, in order to quell the riot, but owing to the superior numbers of the sailors, they effected nothing. Such are the reports, we do not vouch for their authenticity.

—

TROY, September 18.

On Thursday, an unfortunate occurrence took place at the new Bridge, now erecting across the river opposite Waterford. As a boat, heavy laden with stone, was passing from the shore towards one of the abutment, she filled, and sunk. There were in the boat nine men, one of whom (a foreigner, and native of Wales, by the name of *Howell*) was drowned. His corpse was found, just below this village, on Sunday last. His wife, with two children, whom he had left in Europe, expecting them to follow him, arrived here the very day on which his lifeless body was taken from its watery grave! How exquisitely poignant must have been her anguish, at finding a husband, for whose sake she had braved a perilous ocean, snatched from her embrace by the cold and relentless arms of that insatiable foe to human enjoyment, and herself a helpless widow in a strange land.

—

WILTON, September 7.

On the night of the 4th inst. the dwelling house of Mr. Isaac Fetch took fire and was consumed to ashes with all their house-hold furniture; but what is most to be lamented is the loss of six of his children, that perished in the flames, five sons and one daughter; the eldest about thirteen and the youngest about two years and a half old.

Mr. Fetch and his wife, with one son only escaped, and not having time to save, or even put on an article of clothing. This we think ought to be a warning to people to be particular how they leave fire in their houses.

Just received and for sale at this Office,

THE AMERICAN CITIZEN'S SURE GUIDE,

BEING A COLLECTION OF

MOST IMPORTANT STATE PAPERS:

SUCH AS

The Declaration of Independence: Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union: The Constitution of the United States: All the Treaties now in force which the United States have ever made: Merchants and Seamens Acts: Duties on Goods, Wares and Merchandize: The Census as taken in 1800, &c. &c. &c.

COURT OF HYMEN.

KNOW, here unnumber'd sweets are found,
And dear engaging ties,
Which lull the sense of mortal cares,
And wakes to extasies.

MARRIED.

On Friday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. *Gilbert Forman*, merchant, to Miss *Jane M'Lane*, daughter of Mr. Neal M'Lane, grocer, all of this city.

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, Mr. *Henry Morgan*, merchant, of this city, to Miss *Hetty Purdy*, daughter of Joshua Purdy, Esq. of Rye.

At Baltimore, Mr. *Richard Sex Kingsmore*, to Miss *Rebecca Yelser*.

Same place, Mr. *Elijah Merryman*, to Miss *Cassender Harvey*.

Same place, Mr. *John Papion*, to Miss *Margaret Bradberry*.

MORTALITY.

THE meanest cottage, or costliest dome,
Is but an upper chamber to the Tomb.

DIED.

On Tuesday last, after a short illness, JOHN B. DASH, sen. aged 77 years; he is much regretted by his friends and relatives.

At Philadelphia, after a short illness, Mrs. MARY HARPER.

At Baltimore, WILLIAM BUCHANAN, sen. Esq. aged 87.

Same place, EDWARD JAMES SMITH, aged 29, a native of England.

Same place, Mrs. ANN FARLEY, a native of Ireland.

At Charleston, on the 4th inst. after a few days painful struggle with the prevailing disease, so fatal to strangers, Mr. CHARLES D'ARCEY, a native of Limerick in Ireland.

Same place, on the 5th, of the prevailing fever, Mr. STEPHEN GAERLIC, a native of Basingstroke, Hampshire, England, in the 26th year of his age.

Same place, JOSEPH PIXBY, merchant.

Published and for sale at thisoffice, the interesting

NOVEL

of the

RIGID FATHER

OR,

PATERNAL AUTHORITY TOO STRICTLY ENFORCED,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

[*Translated from the German of Augustus La Fontaine.*]

Price 75 cents.

LIKEWISE THE ELEGANT NOVEL,

CALLED,

WHAT HAS BEEN.

ALSO,

DORVAL;

OR THE SPECULATOR.

A new and Interesting Novel founded on recent facts by a Lady, the Author of Julia.

WANTED---Immediately at this Office; an Apprentice to the PRINTING BUSINESS; a lad between 14 and 16 years of age, of reputable connections and one that can be well recommended.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE MICE AND THE MITRE.

THE Summer and Autumn had been so wet,
That in Winter the corn was growing yet;
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around,
The corn lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor,
Crowded around the Bishop's door,
For he had a plentiful last year's store
And all the neighborhood could tell,
His graneries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Halto appointed a day
To relieve the poor without delay,
He bade them all to his barn repair,
And they should have food for the Winter there.

Rejoic'd the tidings good to hear,
The poor folks flock'd from far and near;
The great barn was full as it could hold
Of women and children both young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more,
Bishop Halto he made fast the door;
And whilst for mercy on Christ they call,
Set fire to the barn and burnt them all.

I'faith 'tis an excellent bon-fire quoth he,
And the country is greatly obliged to me,
For ridding it in these times forlorn,
Of *mice* that only consume the corn.

So then to his palace returned he,
And he sate down to supper merrily;
And he slept that night like an innocent man,
But Bishop Halto never slept again.

In the morning as he enter'd the hall,
Where his picture that hung against the wall,
A sweat, like death, all over him came,
For the *mice* had eaten it out of the frame.

As he looked there came a man from his farm,
He had a countenance white with alarm—
"My Lord I open'd your graneries this morn,--
And the *mice* had eaten all the corn."

Another came running presently,
And he was pale as pale could be,
"Fly, my Lord Bishop, fly!" quoth he,
"Ten thousand *mice* are coming this way,
"The Lord forgive you for yesterday!"

"I'll go to my tow'r in the Rhine, replied he,
"'Tis the safest place in Germany;
"The walls are high and the shores are steep,
"The tide is strong and the water deep."

Bishop Halto fearfully hasten'd away,
And he cross'd the Rhine without delay;
And reach'd his tower in the island and barr'd,
All the gates secure and hard.

He laid him down to sleep,—but a scream
Woke the Bishop from his dream—
He woke, and saw two eyes of flame,
On his pillow from whence the screaming came--

He listen'd and look'd—it was only the cat—
But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that;
For she sat screaming mad with fear,
At the army of *mice* that were drawing near.

For they had swam over the river so deep,
And they have climb'd the shores so steep;
And now by thousands up they crawl,
To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell,
And faster and faster his beads did he tell,
As louder and louder drawing near,
The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the window, and in at the door,
And thro' the walls by thousands they pour,
And down from the ceiling and up thro' the floor,
From the right and left, from above and below,
And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have wetted their teeth against the stones,
And now they pick the Bishop's bones,
They knaw'd the flesh from every limb,
For they were sent to do judgment on him.

ANECDOTE.

AN Irish gentleman, lately giving the history of a relation of his who fell in an affair of honor, added, "Dear honey, I knew him myself to have fought thirty seven times, and never was *killed before.*"

A LONDON BULL.

A gentleman going into the Coffee Room at the Castle and Falcon-Inn, found it beautifying, and the following *English* notice posted on the door,—"*This Coffee-Room removed up stairs for the present.*"

N. SMITH,

Chimical Perfumer, from London, at the New-York, Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rofe,) No. 114 Broadway, opposite the City Hotel.

SMITH's improved chimical Milk of Rofes fo well known for clearing the Skin from fcurf, pimples, rednefs or fun-burns: has not its equal for preferving the fkin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after fhaving,---with printed directions,---6s. 8s, and 12s per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Graiſe, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot, with printed directions.

His fuperfine white Hair Powder, 1s. per lb.,--do. Violet, double fcented, 1s. 6d.

His beautiful Rofe Powder, 2s 6d.

Highly improved fweet fcented hard and foft Pomatums 1s. per pot, or roll, double 2s.

His white Almond Wafh-Ball, 2s. and 3s. each. Very good common, 1s. Camphor, 2s. & 3s do. Vegetable.

Smith's balfamic Lip Salve of Rofes, for giving a moft beautiful coral red to the lips; cures roughnefs and chops and leaves them quite fmooth, 2s and 4s. per box.

His fine cofmetic Cold Cream, for taking off all kinds of roughnefs, and leaving the fkin fmooth and comfortable.

Smith's favoynette Royal Paſte, for waſhing the fkin making it fmooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. and 8s. per pot.

Smith's chimical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums, warranted, 2 and 4s per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural color to the complexion; likewife his Vegetable or Pearl Cofmetic immediately whitening the fkin.

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Sept. 8, 1804. 8:6 tf.

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Auguſt 25, 1804. 8:5 tf.

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Price 75 cents.

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NO. 40 —VOL. XVI. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1804. NO. 821.

IDDA OF TOKENBURG;

OR THE FORCE OF JEALOUSY.

(Translated from the German of Augustus Lafontaine)

[CONTINUED.]

IT was supposed that she was gone to walk in the garden, as it was frequently her custom; but she went firmly determined to [illegible] her Henry, or deliver him, and took the road towards Kiburg. Late in the evening she arrived in the vicinity of the castle, and, inquiring of a peasant, was told the sad story of the approaching death of the young Count Tokenburg, who was then confined in the vaulted dungeon under the strong tower. She heard the account without betraying any emotion, and asked the peasant to show her the tower. He accompanied her along a rocky path that led to a place where it was to be seen, and afterwards she continued her journey alone. The guards, who sat by a fire among some ruins in front of the tower, arose to show respect as she approached, for there was something in her air majestic and celestial.

"She threw back the veil which covered her countenance, and the rough soldiers surveyed her beauty with astonishment. "Ye are men," said she, in a voice indescribable tender and persuasive. "I am most unfortunate; but, thank Heaven, ye are men! My wretchedness is so vast, so dreadful, that I envy your prisoner the death that awaits him." The guards looked on her amazed and confounded, as if they had seen a ghost. "What do you ask of us, noble lady?" at length said one of them.

"Your prisoner," said she, in a tone that made its way to the heart, "Is Count Henry of Tokenburg, a noble and innocent man. I do not ask you to permit his escape; that must you not, that can you not: it were contrary to your oath. But grant me what you may, and what you can, and God shall reward you at the day of general judgment."

"What do you require of us?" exclaimed they all "If it is in our power, we will most willingly serve you."

"First learn who I am.—I am Idda of Tokenburg, the affianced bride of the Count your prisoner."—The guards surveyed her with astonishment, and tears of pity bedewed their eyes. "It is the beauteous, the good, the benevolent Idda!" whispered some among them. "May Heaven have compassion on her misfortunes!" said others. "If you have pity on me," answered she, "Heaven has.—Yes; I am the unfortunate Idda; the bride of the man who four days hence will stand before the judgment-seat of Heaven, and fearfully complain of you as his murderers, if you refuse him this last act of compassion, and thus heighten the suffering of death into unutterable anguish."

"We, noble lady, are not his enemies: you should have heard the conversation that we had with him almost immediately before you came. We all pity him."

"Then will you not refuse me my request. Know, then, that in one of those happy hours when Henry was with me, as he pressed my hand and I his—for alas! you conceive not how I love him and how he loves me—we talked of the uncertainty of human life and all human happiness. "Idda," said the Count to me, "we will love each other till death, come when it may." You see my friends, that he seemed to have a presentiment of his approaching fate.—We agreed that when one of us should be near to death the other should come to see him or her once more, though the journey were to be made to the extremity of the earth. This we promised each other, and solemnly bound ourselves to perform by the most religious obligations. I know that he must die; but he cannot die in peace unless I once more see him; nor can I die in peace unless I fulfill my sacred promise.—Suffer me to be with him during a single hour. This you can, this you may do. Refuse not this request of the unfortunate Idda: your refusal would break both his heart and mine, and we should become your accusers on the day when men shall answer for unnecessary cruelty."

"You easily perceive, Julia, that the guards, already inclined as they were to pity, could not refuse this earnest entreaty. At first, indeed, they made some objections, but the eloquence of Idda soon removed them all. They opened the door of a tower, and lighted a lamp.—One of them now conducted the unhappy Idda down a steep stair-case, at the bottom of which he opened again an iron-door, whence she proceeded [illegible] more long subterranean vaults till at length she came to the narrow and low entrance of a dungeon. "The comfort of Heaven go with you!" exclaimed the keeper, as he unlocked the door, and let Idda enter.

By the dim light which the lamp diffused, Henry did not at first recognize the object of his affections. But when he knew her, when he heard her voice, when he flew into her out-stretched arms, and felt her press him to her heart; when the recollection of the past, the present, and the dreadful future, was all swallowed up in feelings of love—O Julia had Count Kiburg himself beheld the scene, he would have envied the happiness of his prisoner. Canst thou, Julia, imagine the ecstatic feelings of the two lovers? Oh! could these walks sink suddenly into the earth, could this religious habit fall from me, and my lover enter with cheerful smiles, and tell me, "Clara, thou art free, and we will be happy"—then, Julia, might I conceive what the faithful and affectionate Idda, what the astonished Count felt at their first embrace! But no; within these walls no deliverer shall enter. My prison is inaccessible even to almighty love!"

Idda long lay as if in a trance on the breast of her beloved Henry, and the dungeon became to them the garden of paradise; for, what hell is there which love will not convert into a heaven? At length, when their first ecstatic transports had somewhat subsided, Henry inquired of Idda by what means she had obtained admission to him. She related how she had prevailed on the guards. "And thus," said the Count with a sigh, "you have come to see me once more before my death. Alas! I had finally given up all hope, and I could now almost wish that you had not succeeded in your attempt; for, who can look upon you and not wish to live? Oh Idda! now must I again renew the dreadful contest with the fear of death! Cruel Idda!"

"I am come to see and to deliver thee, Tokenburg."

"To deliver me! to deliver, Idda! Oh sport not with the feelings of a dying man!"

"I am firmly determined to deliver thee, Henry; to deliver thee even against thy will, should that be necessary. I continue to live but for thy sake, and value my life only as it shall enable me to preserve thine. Not thou thy self, not the entreaties of a whole world, shall shake my resolution. I am calm, Tokenburg, perfectly calm, for thy fortune and my fate are determined. More firmly, more fixed, the angel of destiny could not have decreed them. Believe me when I assert it, thou possessor of my heart.

"Idda, thine eye glistens as if thou wert here absolute sovereign, but its lightning cannot rend these walls. How wilt thou deliver me? how burst these strong fastenings?"

"I will be here sovereign; here will I be thy deliverer, or the victim of a cruel death. The choice is thine. Hear me, Henry! When I received the sad tidings of the misfortune that had befallen thee, I sunk into comfortless despair: I was feeble as a child; all my strength had left me, but my love had not left me. My heart would have burst with grief, without the least attempt at thy deliverance when the monk of the castle said, "Of what avail is lamentation [illegible]" It seemed as if a good angel had uttered the words I retired and prayed; but I felt that to pray was not to act, while power was left to act. "Act Idda, and let the feeble pray;" thus a voice within me seemed perpetually to exclaim. I considered, I reflected; my resolution was taken, and a wondrous tranquility was diffused through my soul. I felt that the benediction of Heaven would accompany my resolution, and I came hither without a companion. On my way, a peasant related to me your unhappy fate.—I listened to him calmly, and smiled when he showed me the tower in which you were confined. I had now to prevail on the guards to permit me to see you in the prison, and I considered what I should say to them to induce them to comply with my request. With a calm presence of mind, which was the gift of Heaven, and which my own heart could never have bestowed, I addressed them, and they admitted me to you. Had they refused my request, I would have forced my way with this dagger in my hand. [She drew a dagger from her bosom, which she showed the Count, and again concealed it.] The half of your deliverance is effected, for I am with you. interrupt me not, and I will unfold to you the whole of my determination, and then hear your reply. You shall take my dress, wrap yourself in the cloak in which I came, and throw over you my veil. I will take your coat of mail, which you shall assist me to put on, and cover my face with your helmet. We will then call the guard, and you shall go forth instead of me, and thus be delivered. Oh! I entreat you, interrupt me not but hear me. You shall hasten to Kirchberg, collect an armed troop, and, returning hither to-morrow night, surprise the guards, force the

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